

ADDITIONAL
SONGS, TRIOS, &c.
IN THE
FAVOURITE COMIC PANTOMIME OF
HARLEQUIN IN EGYPT,
OR THE
Siege of Jean d'Acre;

In which will be introduced
An exact Representation of the brilliant Success of the

Grand Expedition,

IN STORMING
THE POINT AT HELDER,
AND THE
SURRENDER

OF THE
DUTCH FLEET
IN THE TEXEL.

Exhibited (for the first Time) on MONDAY, Sept. 9, 1799,

AT THE
NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

By J. C. CROSS.

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Additional Songs, &c.

RECITATIVE.—MR. MYER.

THUS Britain's sons their gallantry display,
For them bright Fame her banner has unfurl'd;
Now towards the Texel glory points the way,
Haste there, ye naval conquerors of all the world.

RECITATIVE.—TOM BOWLING.

Damme! old grey locks, what, you're here again!
Sheer off, or listen to Tom Bowling's Strain.

NEW SEA SONG.—MR. HELME.

I.

I'm a jolly roving tar,
Fearing neither wound or scar;
A many tortish breezes have I seen,
When the grog was given out,
At a fight, or boozing bout,
Tom never was the lubber to give in!

On shore, or board a ship,
 Good humour still a trip,
 'Twas yeo! yeo! yeo! yeo!
 Messmates, charge your glasses,
 Drink, and kiss the lasses;
 Kiss away—that's your play—drink away,
 Drink and kiss the lasses.

II.

Rigg'd out a cruiser tight,
 In a breeze I took delight,
 Hard blows and harder knocks were my sport,
 A dabster at that play,
 I *larnt* such a taking away!
 We took every foe *dared face us into port!*
 On shore my cargo's glee,
 In the trough of the sea,
 'Tis yeo! yeo! &c.

III.

We lads the main who rule,
 Are in battle always cool;
 Take it easy rough and smooth, storm or calm,
 With rhino freely part,
 Help a messmate, hand and heart;
 And in friendship and love are ever warm,
 To king and country true,
 Our navy's fame in view,
 Sing yeo! yeo! yeo! &c.

DUTCH TRIO.—MISS GRAY, MRS. ROFFEY,
MRS. WALLACK.

The bells in each steeple sound jocund and merry,
Fraternity's hug will no longer provoke ;
With his vrow now each Dutchman his sorrows to bury,
In safety his pipe out may loyally smoke !
The Hollands be quaffing, ha ! ha ! loudly laughing,
His mind speak, tho' "*yaw Mynbeer*" late was his all,
But Dunder and Blixen the trickster's play'd tricks on,
So Monsieur Bon jour Ma'ar dats Nimendall.

Monsieur promis'd great things when he first ventur'd over,
His loving embrace near depriv'd us of breath !
The tyrant he play'd with the zeal of a lover,
Affection was plunder, his kindnesses death ;
But John Bull appearing, "*Morbleau*" loudly swearing,
The shake of his paw did not please him at all ;
So adieu we say, Monsieur Fraternitie,
Yaw Monsieur Bon jour Ma'ar dats Nimendall.

MRS. WALLACK.

To Old England, whose deeds have been long the world's
wonder,
Who has clad the distress'd with Humanity's robe,
To her may the foes of religion knock under,
And harmony soon be restor'd to the globe :

Our commerce returning, with gratitude burning,
 Kind thanks for this visit be offer'd by all,
 While adieu we say, Monsieur Fraternitie,
 Yaw Monsieur Bon jour Ma'ar dats Nimendall.

PAT'S PLANXTY.—MR. WALLACK.

I.

AN old friend of mine, quite in youthful condition,
 Says, Pat, by my soul, don't be out of commission ;
 But join in our secret well-known expedition.
 With a whack fal de ral, neat, pleasant, and azey,
 Oh ! whack fal de ral, join'd 'em Corporal Cazey.

II.

On the sea soon we floated as light as a feather,
 With a charming fair wind, and alarming foul weather,
 Which we steimm'd ; *for we heartily pull'd all together.*
 With a whack fal de ral, sea and land boys agreeing,
 With whack fal de ral, shew'd 'em sport worth the seeing !

III.

To be sure a bold push made the foe, notwithstanding,
 Agra ! best foot foremost, the job I'd a hand in,
 Near drown'd in the sea all the time we were landing.
 With a whack fal de ral we pelted them neatly,
 Till whack fal de ral they were whelted completly,

IV.

Our landing made good, fait Mynheer caught a Tartar,
A fishing for *plaice* our brave *souls* were not a'ter,
But caught their whole fleet, the best fish in the water.
With a whack fal de ral, we went swimmingly on for't,
And whack fal de ral, without firing a gun for't.

V.

Ye tri-colour'd flags!—oh! so neatly we lower ye
Tho' no blood was spilt, 'twant the worst of the stor
By my soul, but Humanity's still England's glory.
With a whack fal de ral, we feeling delight in,
And whack fal de ral, 'tis the same, too, with fightin

VI.

May our fame live for ever, tho' dangers annoy it,
Till old Time's deceas'd, combin'd worlds
And when Time's no more, we've no time
With a whack fal de ral, to success repetiti
Of,—whack fal de ral, our bold Expedition.

THE END.

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